

travel note

And the market, not to be missed:
at the entrance the lady
with pocket mirrors, portraits
of Agua Santa & busts
of a tortured Christ
in little gold frames
& in back
on a plate of innards
& pieces of brain
the head of a pig,
its mouth gaping, its face fixed
in a final hideous shriek.

the uncultivated garden

So at this party once
I told them right out
shoot the bastard.
Now what good would that do
they give me the old violence
breeds violence routine.
Screw you I sez
his blood
against the general good --
one life for millions!
Someone quoted Erich Fromm
another took off
on his psychedelic yo-yo
love machine.
Blood of Siam! I screamed,
just who in hell do you smug bunch of goddam purist
bastards think you are anyways?

-- Steve Kowit

Miami Beach FL

gagaku

well, we play basketball
break each others noses
sweat a lot
old men
faking youth
just like it used
to be on the
playground
only this time no
girls watch